

SUMMER ISSUE  
No. 2

# KID ETERNITY

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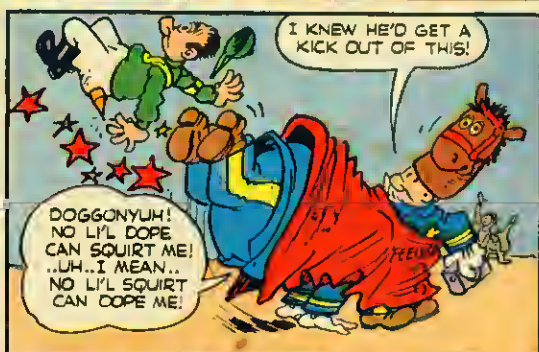
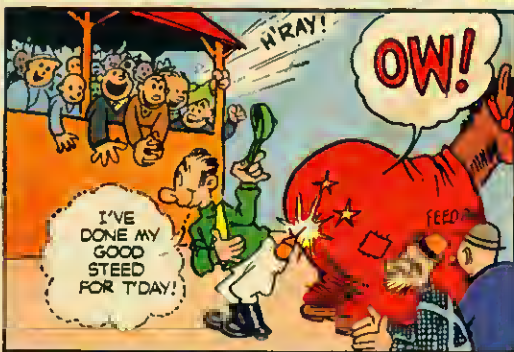
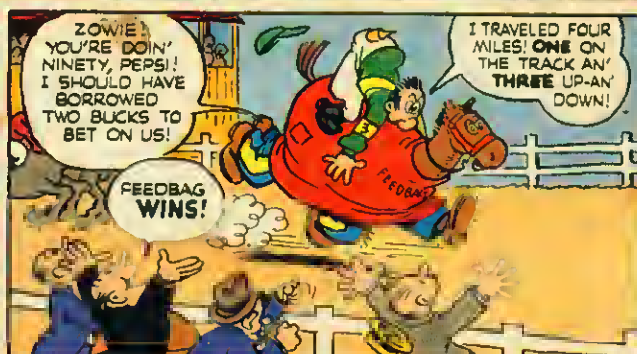
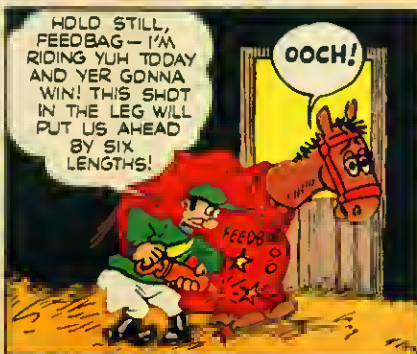
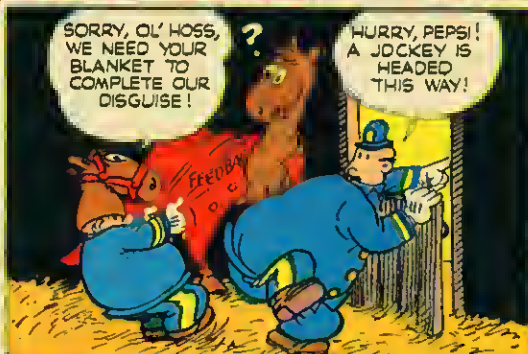
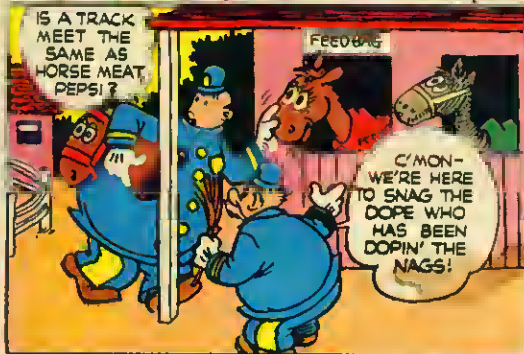




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# "PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



# KID ETERNITY

HERE COMES  
SOMEONE WHO  
SHOULD BE ABLE  
TO HELP YOU!

A WAR BETWEEN  
BROTHERS! HOW AM I  
EVER GOING TO  
STRAIGHTEN  
THAT OUT?

**G**ifted with strange, unearthly powers, Kid Eternity, who departed this life before his time can become visible or invisible at will and can summon the great figures of the past to do as he bids them! He has simply to pronounce the word, **ETERNITY!**

**B**ut of all the human tragedies which Kid Eternity and his constant companion, Mr. Keeper, sought to avert, they found none more difficult than that of the warring Cardens!







HELLO, KID ETERNITY!

HUH?

WHY, IT'S GENERAL GRANT! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KNEW ME!

OH, YOU'RE BECOMING QUITE FAMOUS UP HERE! BUT YOU DON'T LOOK TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT! ANYTHING WRONG?



PLENTY! HAVE A LOOK DOWN THERE, SIR!

WHEW! LOOKS LIKE A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED WAR!



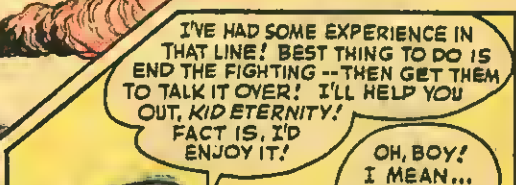
IT IS... AND BETWEEN TWO BROTHERS!

SAY, THAT'S TOO BAD! AND WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

IT SEEMS FOSTER CARDEN DIED IN AN ACCIDENT AND DIDN'T LEAVE A WILL! HE LEFT A PLANTATION OF SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRES AND EACH OF HIS TWO SONS IS CLAIMING THE LION'S SHARE! DALE CARDEN, THE YOUNGER BROTHER, SEEMS TO BE GETTING THE ADVANTAGE NOW!



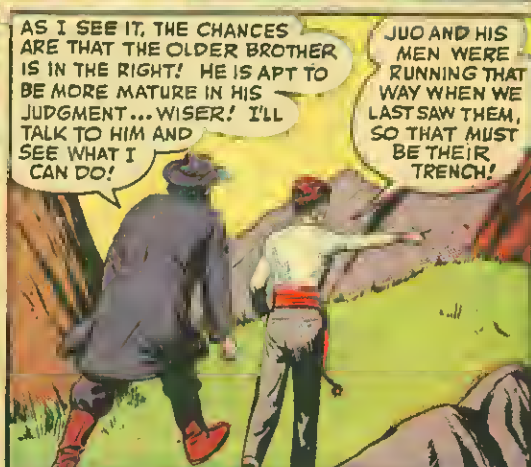
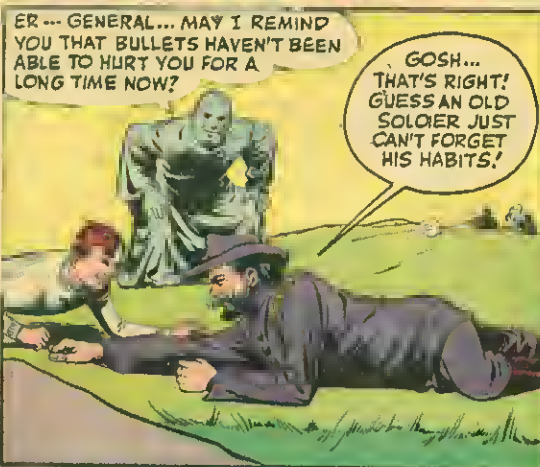
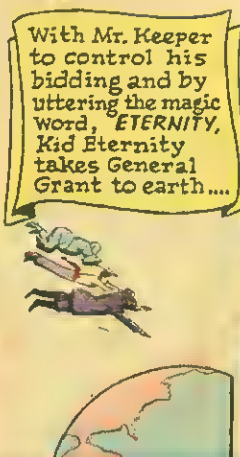
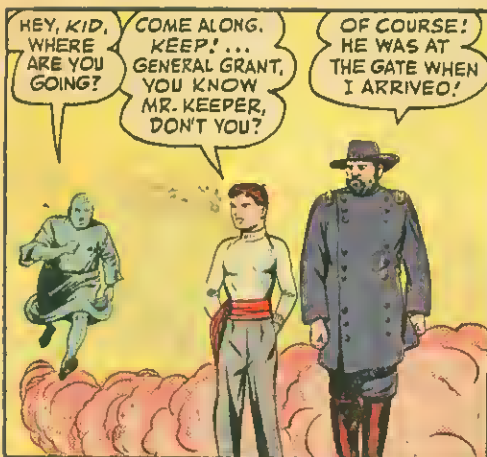
YOU SEE, SIR, THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF EMPLOYEES ON THE PLANTATION AND THEY TOOK SIDES WITH THE BROTHERS! AT FIRST THERE WERE FIST FIGHTS! THEN THERE WERE A FEW SHOOTINGS! NOW, IT'S A FULL SCALE WAR! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



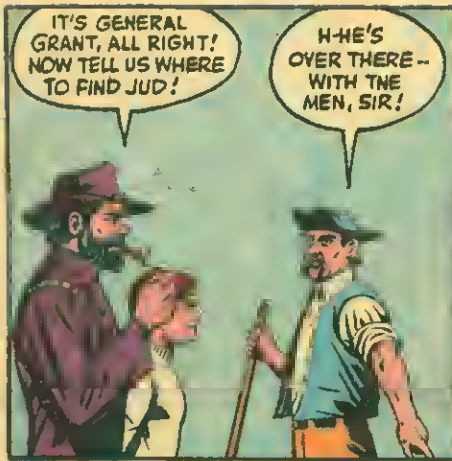
I'VE HAD SOME EXPERIENCE IN THAT LINE! BEST THING TO DO IS END THE FIGHTING -- THEN GET THEM TO TALK IT OVER! I'LL HELP YOU OUT, KID ETERNITY! FACT IS, I'D ENJOY IT!

OH, BOY! I MEAN... THANK YOU, SIR!









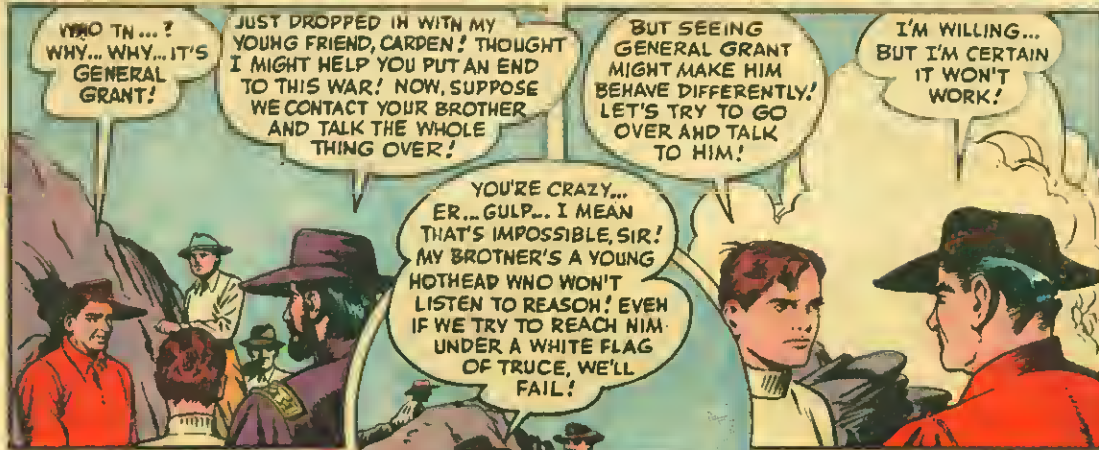
IT'S GENERAL GRANT, ALL RIGHT! NOW TELL US WHERE TO FIND JUD!

W-H-E'S OVER THERE-- WITH THE MEN, SIR!



AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK, WE'LL MAKE A RUN FOR IT ACROSS THE FIELD AND ATTACK THEM!

A VERY BAD MANEUVER AGAINST MEN IN A TRENCH!



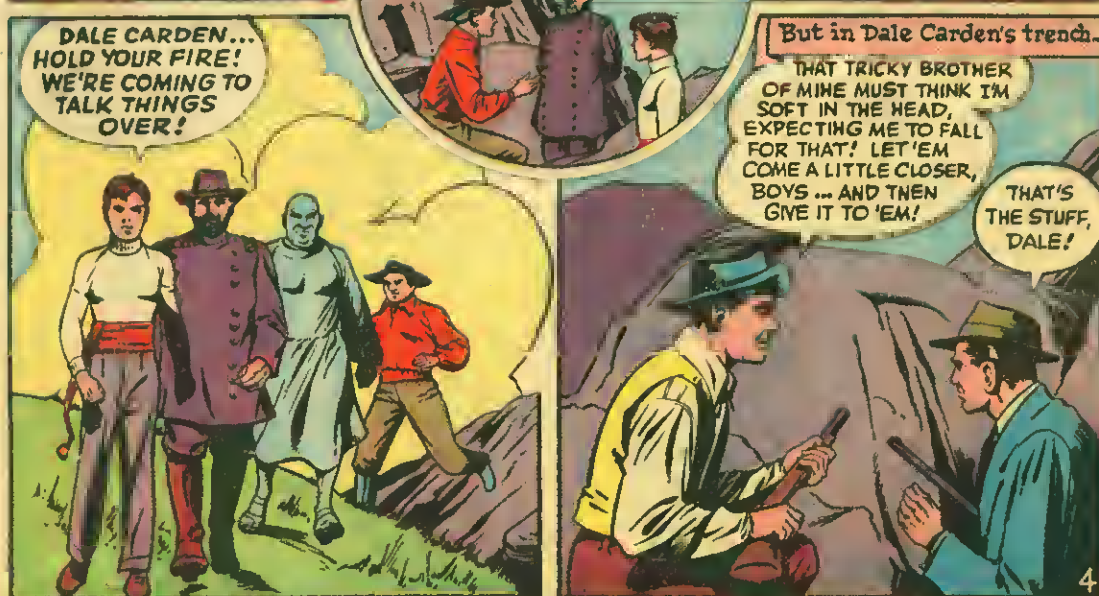
WHO TN...? WHY... WHY... IT'S GENERAL GRANT!

JUST DROPPED IN WITH MY YOUNG FRIEND, CARDEN! THOUGHT I MIGHT HELP YOU PUT AN END TO THIS WAR! NOW, SUPPOSE WE CONTACT YOUR BROTHER AND TALK THE WHOLE THING OVER!

BUT SEEING GENERAL GRANT MIGHT MAKE HIM BEHAVE DIFFERENTLY! LET'S TRY TO GO OVER AND TALK TO HIM!

I'M WILLING... BUT I'M CERTAIN IT WON'T WORK!

YOU'RE CRAZY... ER... GULP... I MEAN THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, SIR! MY BROTHER'S A YOUNG HOTHEAD WHO WON'T LISTEN TO REASON! EVEN IF WE TRY TO REACH HIM UNDER A WHITE FLAG OF TRUCE, WE'LL FAIL!

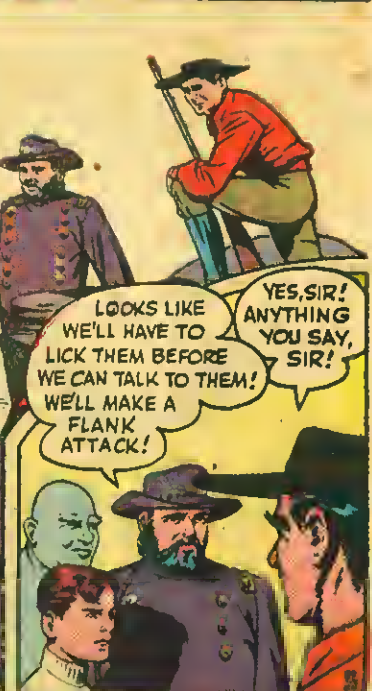
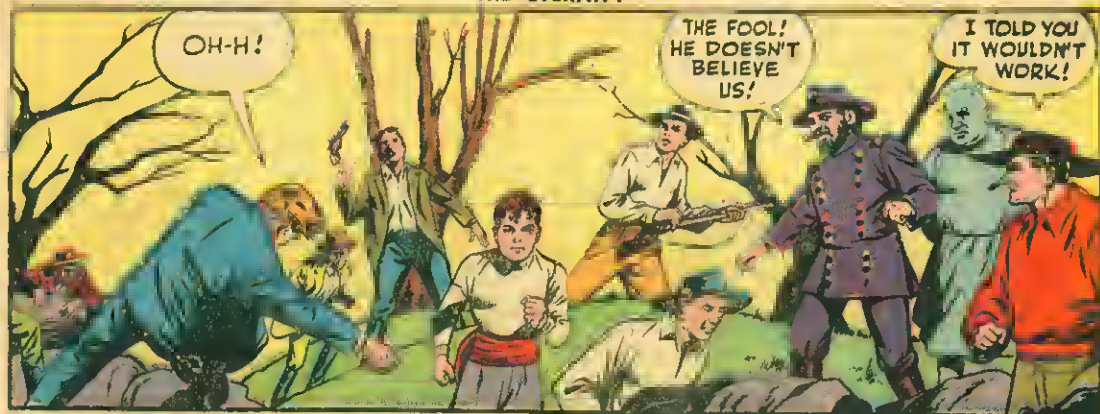


DALE CARDEN... HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE'RE COMING TO TALK THINGS OVER!

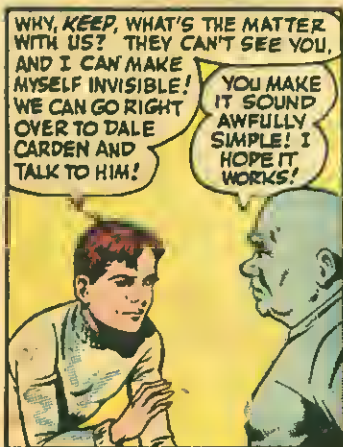
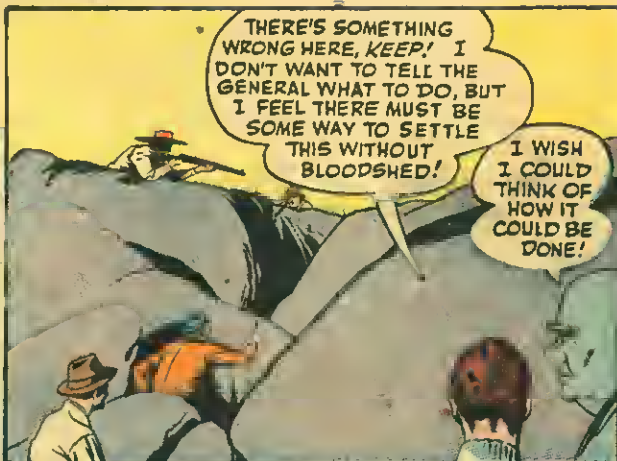
But in Dale Carden's trench...

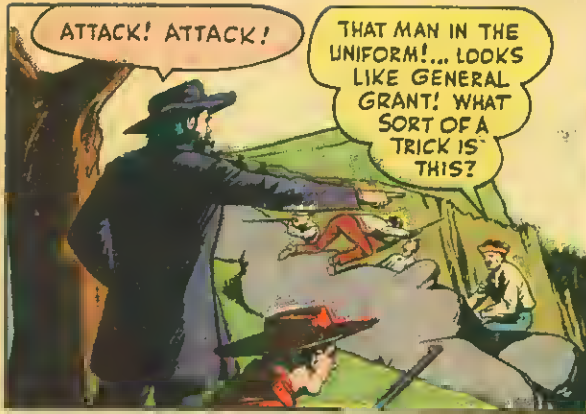
THAT TRICKY BROTHER OF MINE MUST THINK I'M SOFT IN THE HEAD, EXPECTING ME TO FALL FOR THAT! LET 'EM COME A LITTLE CLOSER, BOYS ... AND THEN GIVE IT TO 'EM!

THAT'S THE STUFF, DALE!

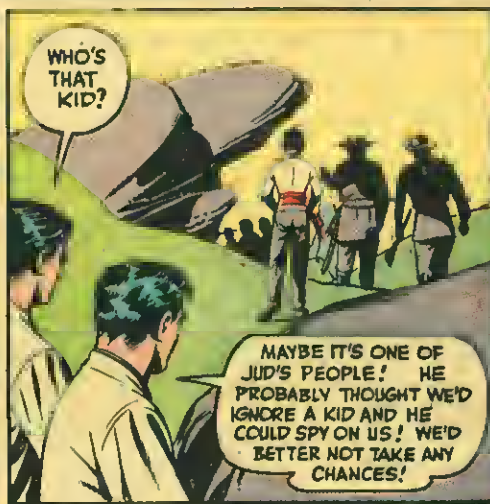
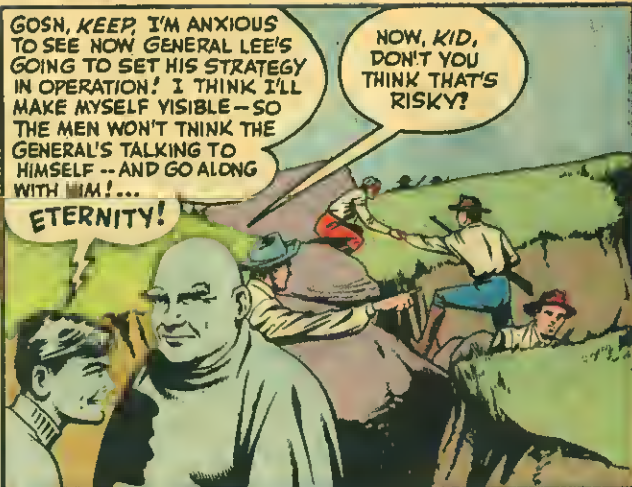
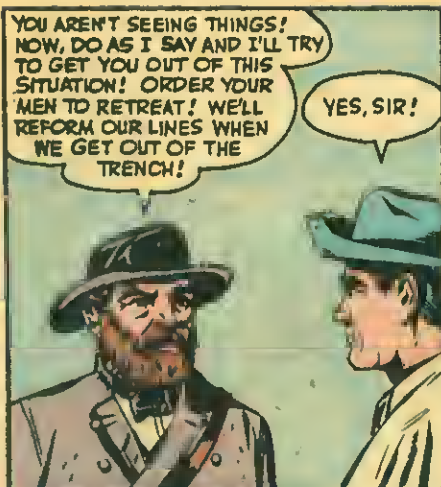


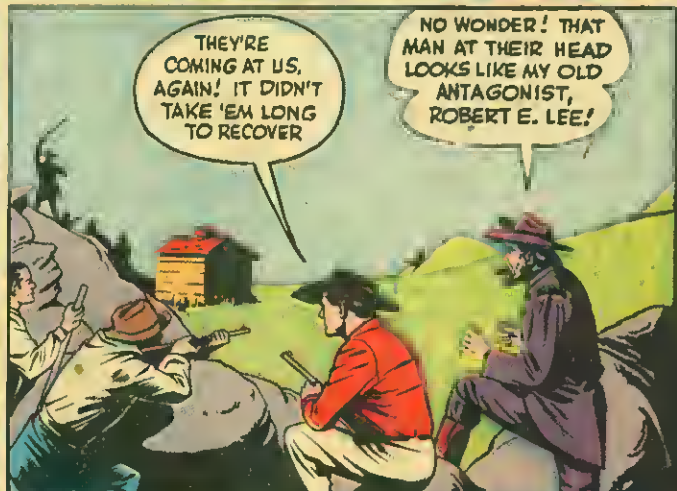
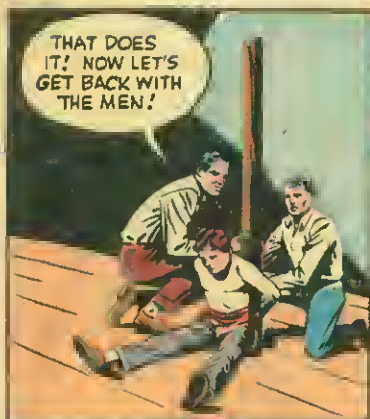




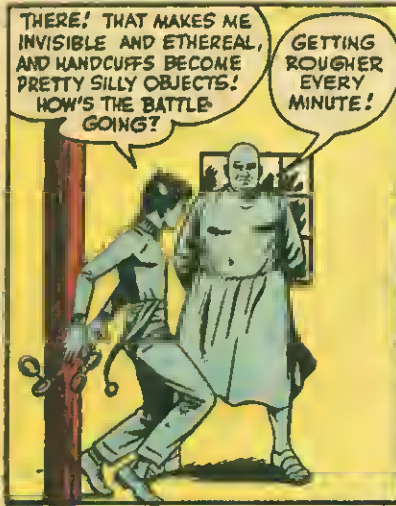
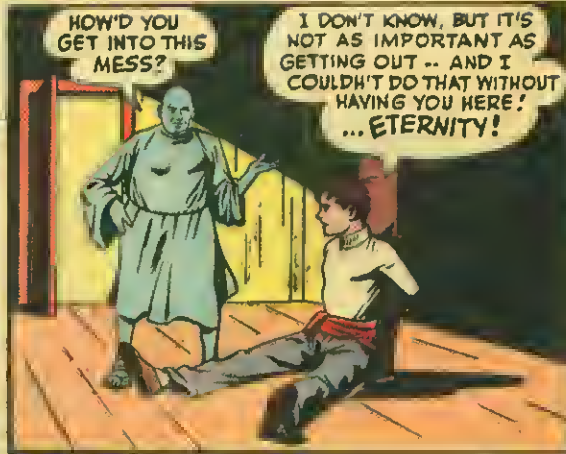
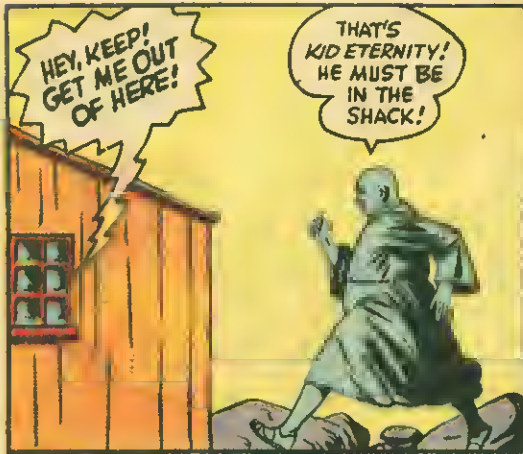












Kid Eternity tells the story....

...AND JUST BECAUSE EACH BROTHER FEELS HE IS ENTITLED TO A GREATER SHARE OF THE PLANTATION, THEY'RE READY TO FIGHT TO THE END!

SPEAKING AS A FORMER LAWYER, I'D SAY THAT IN THE ABSENCE OF A WILL IT WOULD BE LOGICAL TO ASSUME THAT THE BROTHERS OUGHT TO SHARE THE LAND EQUALLY!

HOWEVER, FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME OF THEIR FEELINGS IN THE MATTER, IT WOULD BE HARD TO CONVINCE THEM! YET I HAVEN'T A DOUBT THAT THAT'S THE WAY THEIR FATHER WOULD HAVE WANTED IT! IF ONLY HE WERE HERE TO TELL THEM SO!

I THINK I CAN ARRANGE THAT!

ETERNITY!

WHRAMM!

FOSTER CARDEN! YOU'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOUR SONS!

I'VE WANTED TO, BUT I COULDN'T UNTIL YOU CALLED ME HERE, KID ETERNITY!

I'LL ASK THEM TO STOP FIGHTING!

AMAZING!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

PERHAPS IT'S BETTER THIS WAY!

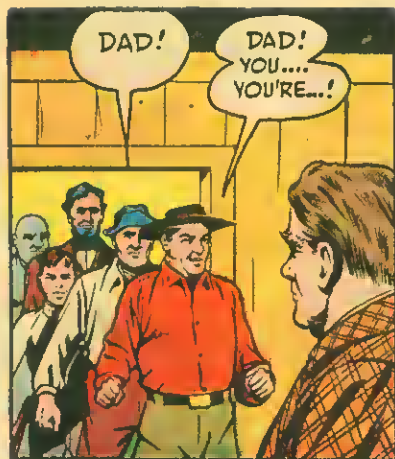
PLEASE.... STOP THIS WARFARE! THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF SETTLING DISPUTES.... BETTER WAYS! DALE AND JUD CARDEN, STEP INTO THE SHACK!

HE KNOWS MY NAME!

HE MEANS ME!



# KID ETERNITY



DEAD ... JUST AS YOU THOUGHT, BOYS ... BUT A KIND HEARTED LAD CALLED KID ETERNITY BROUGHT ME BACK TO PATCH UP YOUR QUARREL!



BUT, DAD, I FIGURED THAT SINCE I WAS THE OLDEST SON AND SINCE I'D ALWAYS HAD MORE TO DO WITH MANAGING THE PLANTATION, I WAS ENTITLED TO A LARGER SHARE!

THAT'S RIDICULOUS! YOU KNOW I WENT TO COLLEGE AND LEARNED ALL THE MODERN FARMING METHODS! WHY, IF I HAD ENOUGH LAND...

**STOP!**



YOU ARE BOTH MY SONS AND I LOVED YOU EQUALLY! IT WAS ALWAYS MY WISH THAT YOU SHOULD BOTH HAVE AN EQUAL SHARE OF THE PLANTATION! ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE SHAMEFUL!

YES, DAD! YES, SIR!

I GUESS WE JUST NEVER THOUGHT THAT WOULD BE THE WAY YOU WANTED IT!

NOW SHAKE HANDS... AND ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE **BROTHERS!**



IF ONLY ALL MEN WOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER IT!

MAYBE THEY WILL SOMEDAY! WOULDN'T THAT BE SWELL?... **ETERNITY!**



I WONDER WHY I DIDN'T THINK OF CALLING ON FOSTER CARDEN RIGHT AWAY!

NOW, KID... YOU'RE A BRIGHT BOY, BUT DON'T START THINKING YOU HAVE THE WISDOM OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

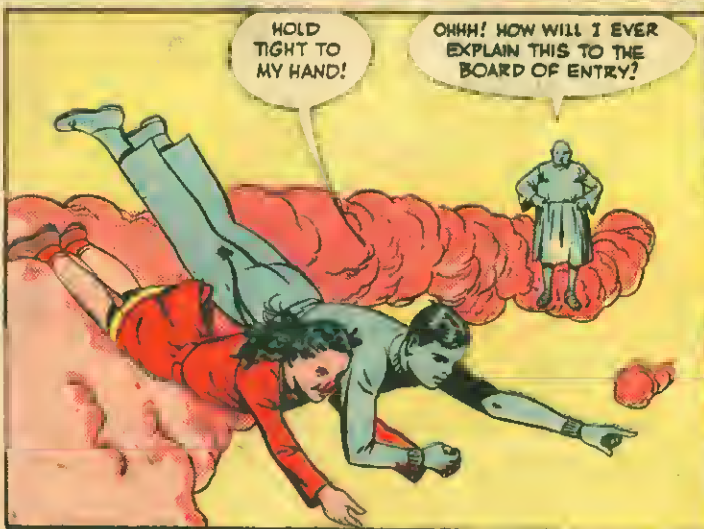




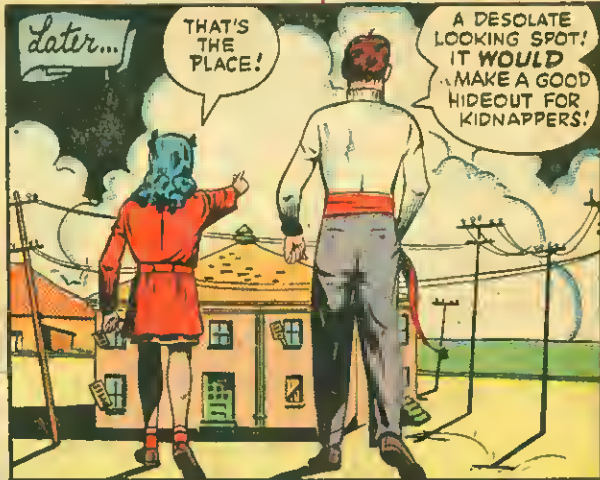
Pogo was a one-eyed cat ... a very ordinary animal, hardly worthy of a second glance. But a little girl named Kathryn wanted to find him and, to help her, **KID ETERNITY** embarked on a strange pilgrimage!

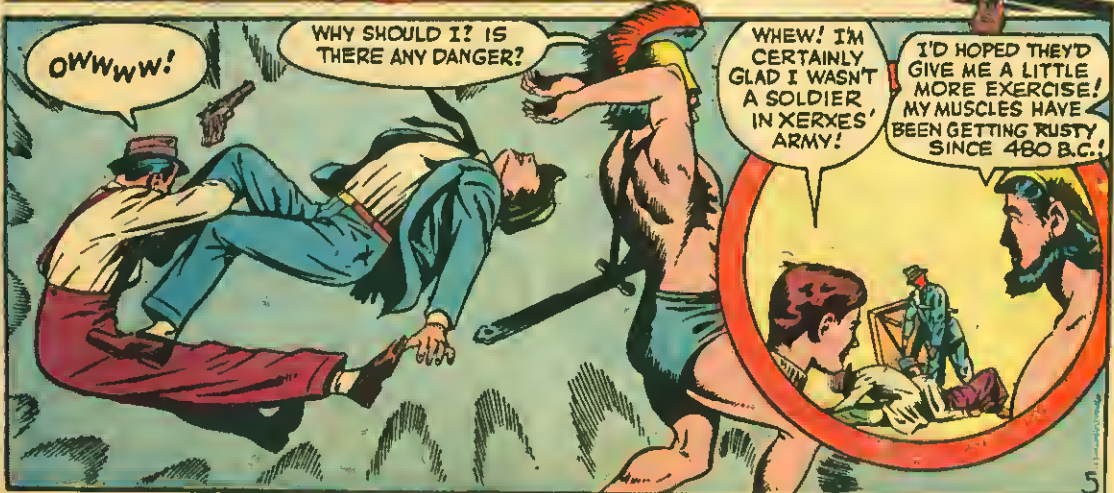
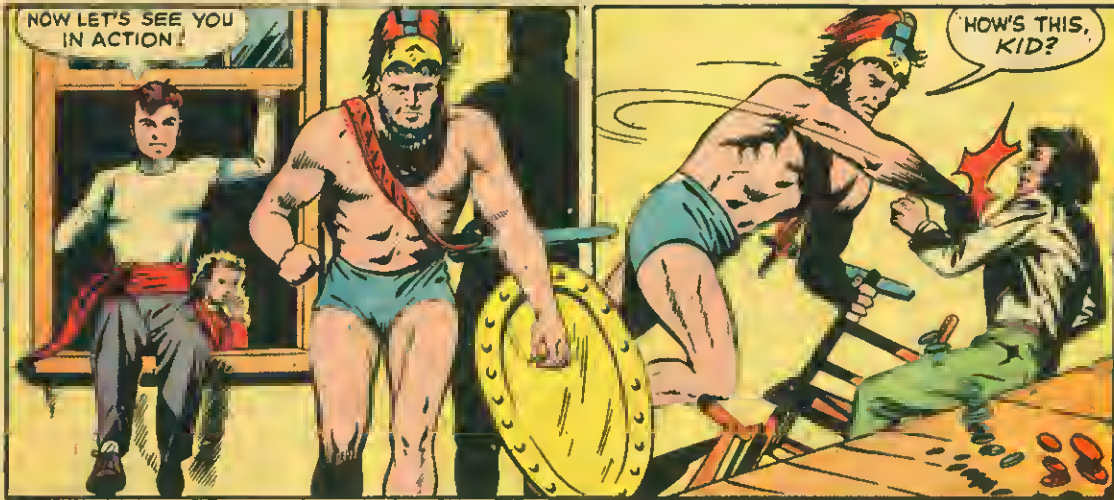








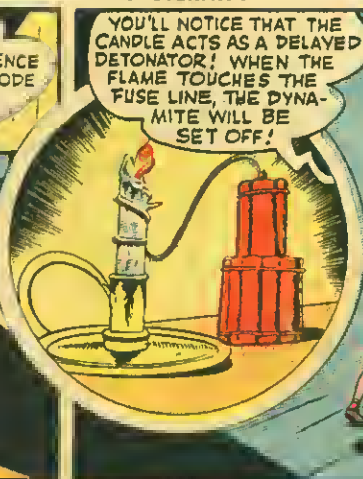




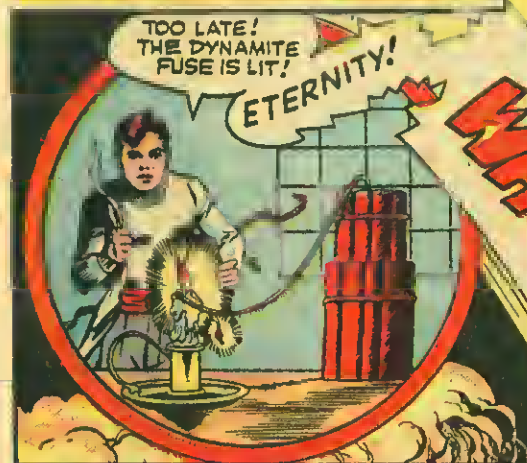
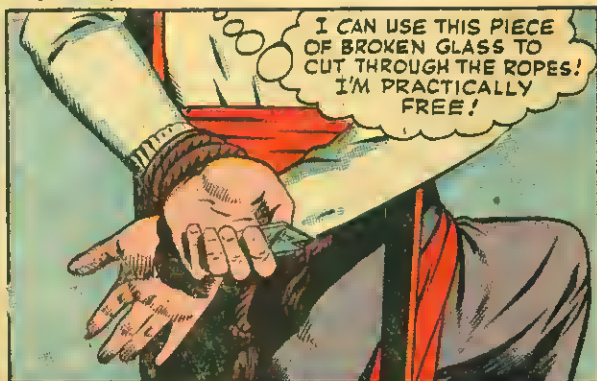
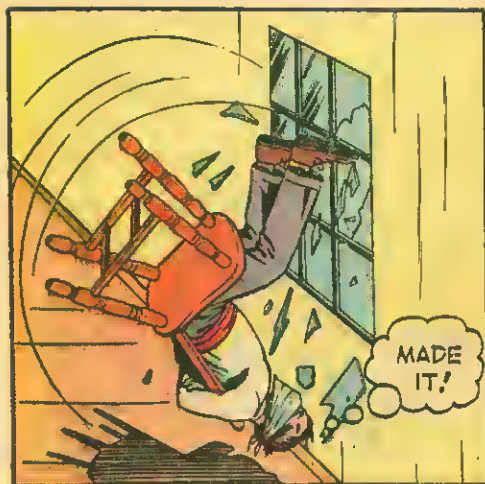


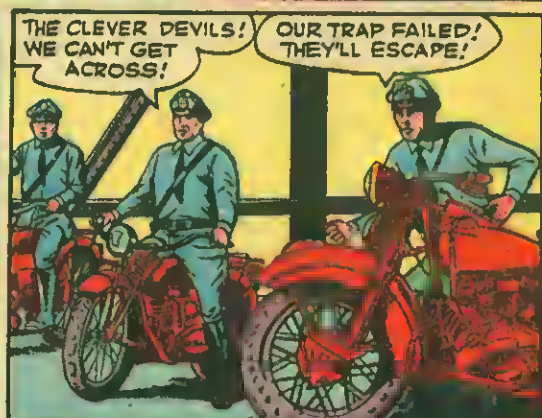
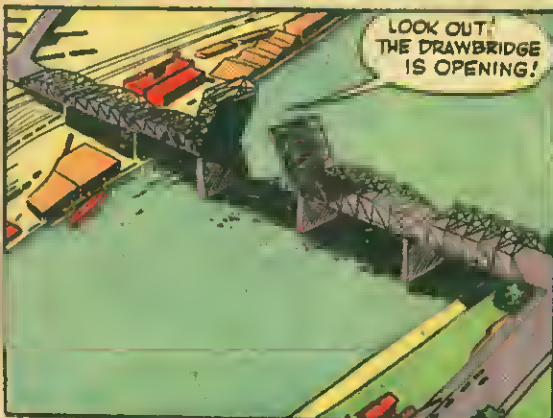
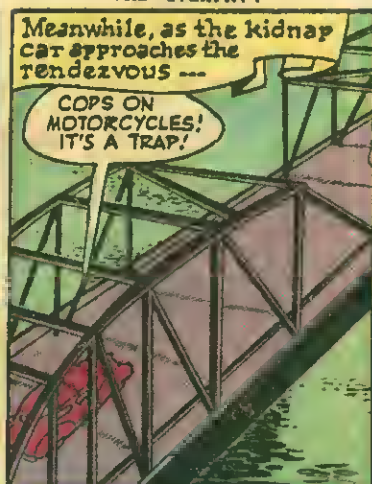
# KID ETERNITY



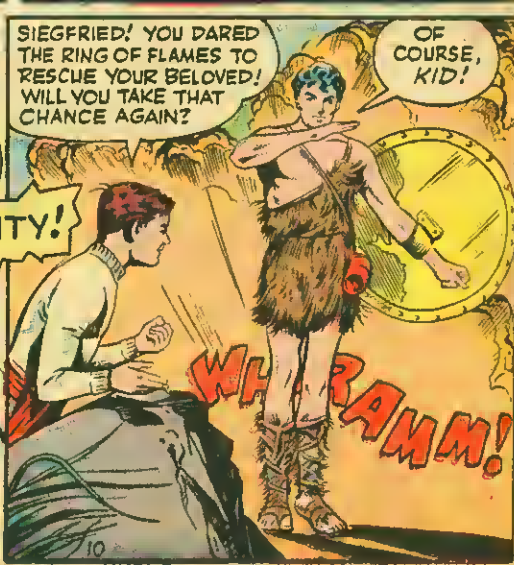
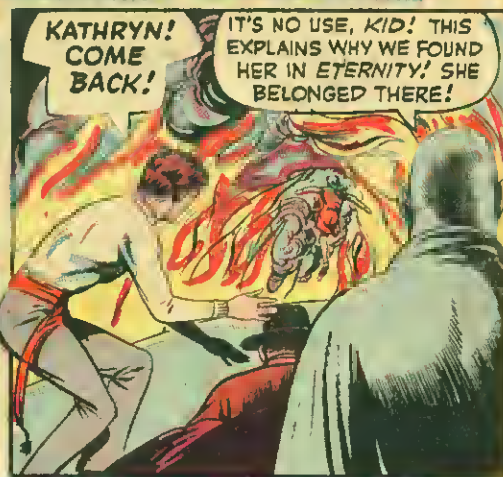
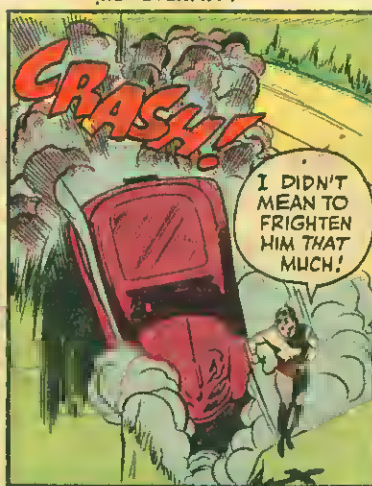


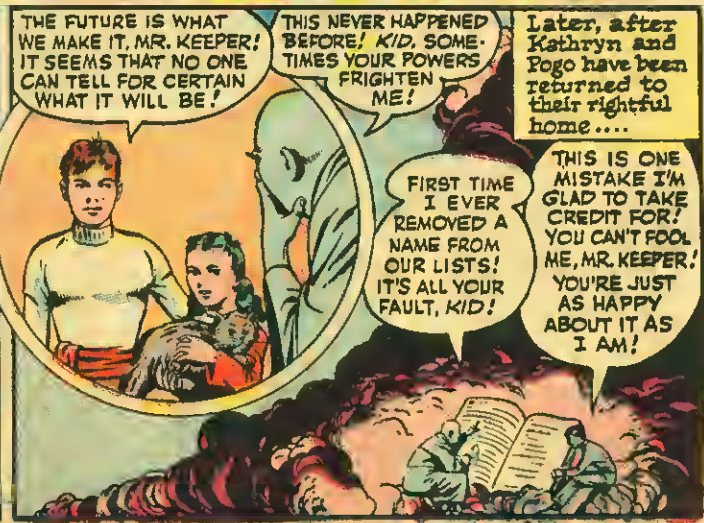










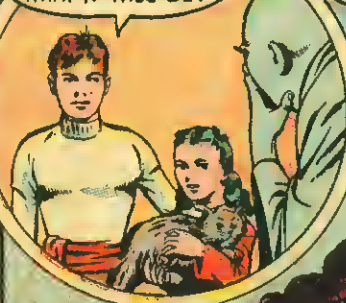


I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH! SO I WON'T TRY! I'LL JUST SAY... ETERNITY!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I SAW HER NAME ON THE LISTS OF ETERNITY MYSELF!

WYHRAMM!

THE FUTURE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT, MR. KEEPER! IT SEEMS THAT NO ONE CAN TELL FOR CERTAIN WHAT IT WILL BE!



THIS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE! KID, SOME TIMES YOUR POWERS FRIGHTEN ME!

FIRST TIME I EVER REMOVED A NAME FROM OUR LISTS! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, KID!

Later, after Kathryn and Pogo have been returned to their rightful home....

THIS IS ONE MISTAKE I'M GLAD TO TAKE CREDIT FOR! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, MR. KEEPER! YOU'RE JUST AS HAPPY ABOUT IT AS I AM!



MEMO to

**SNAP****SHOTZ**

By AL STAHL

Dear Mr. Shotz:

Our client, the Ace Logging Company of North Country, has requested your photographic services in conjunction with an advertising campaign to promote the sale of our new product, the Non-Splintering Safety Tooth Pick!

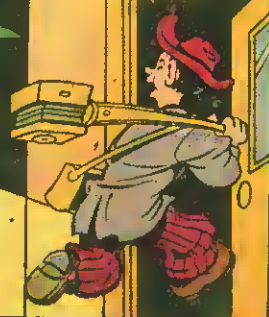
YAH!! AT LAST AN ASSIGNMENT WHICH WILL CARRY ME INTO THE FOREST PRIMEVAL!

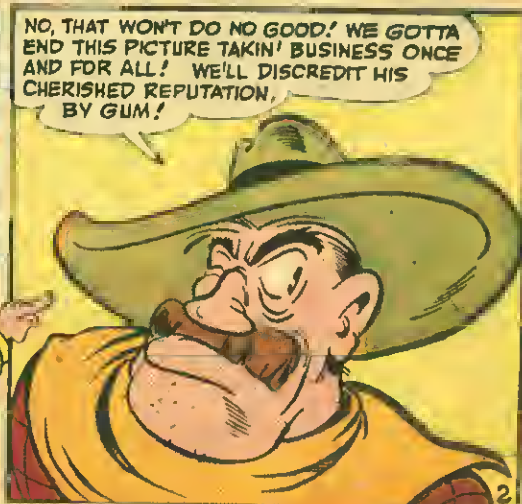
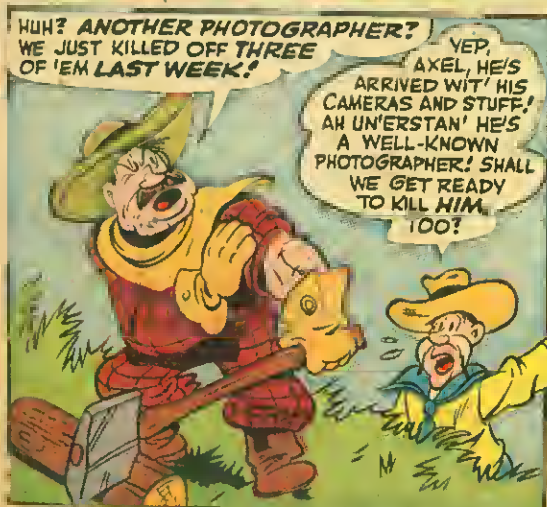
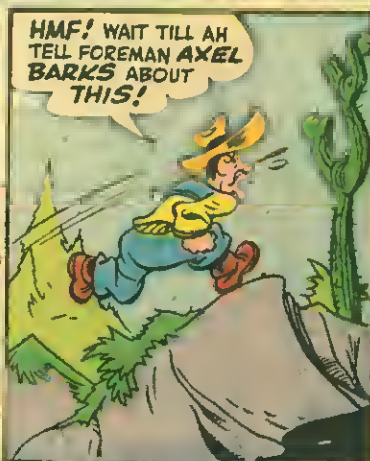
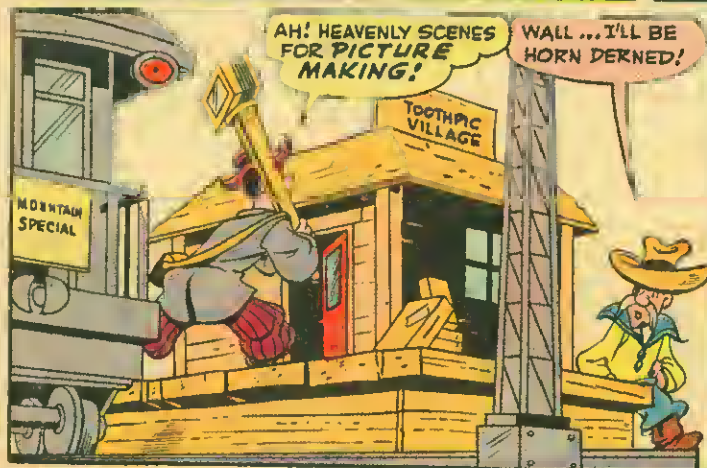
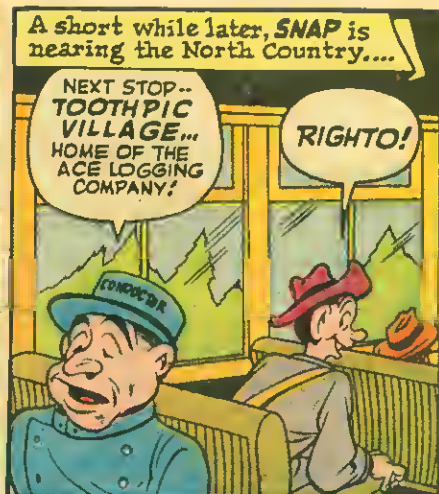
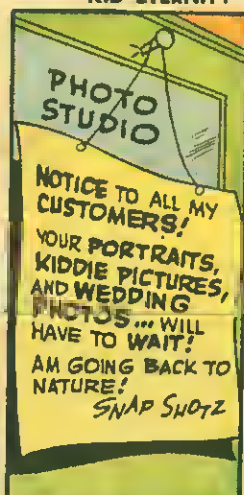
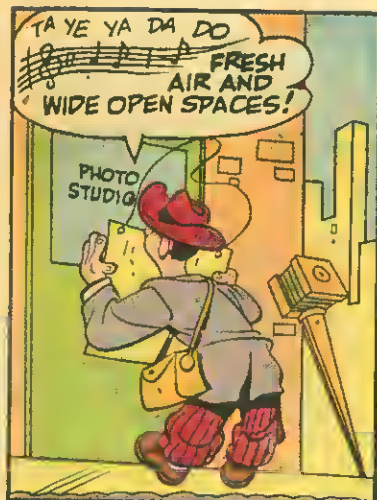


Use  
**PALM GARDEN  
SHAMPOO**

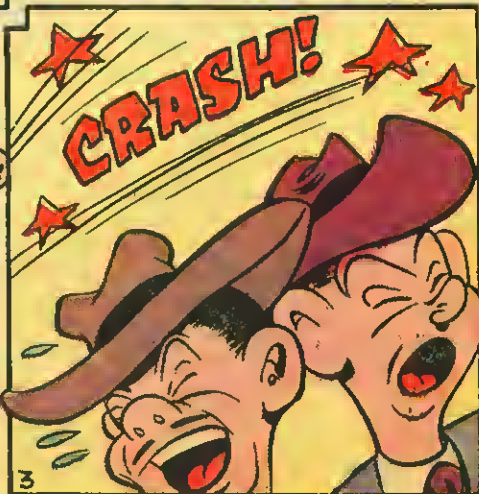
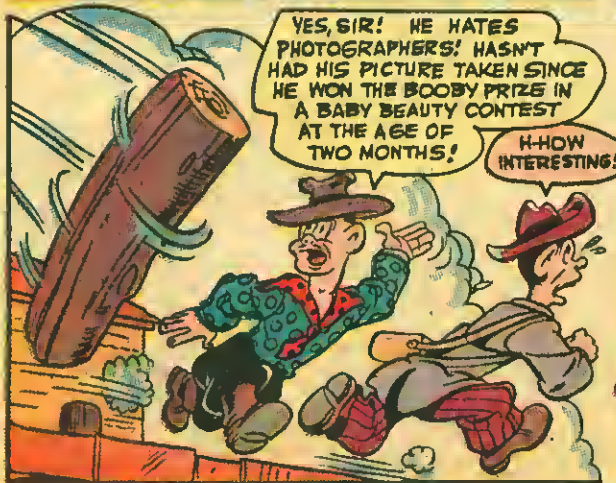
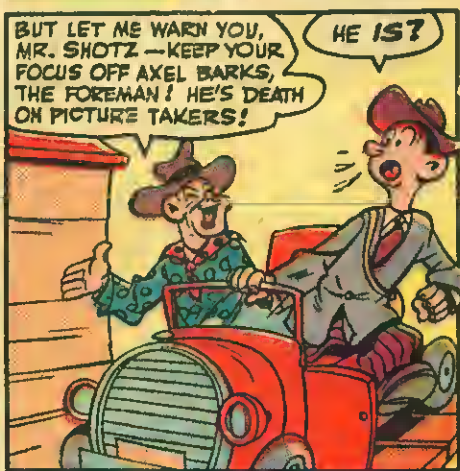
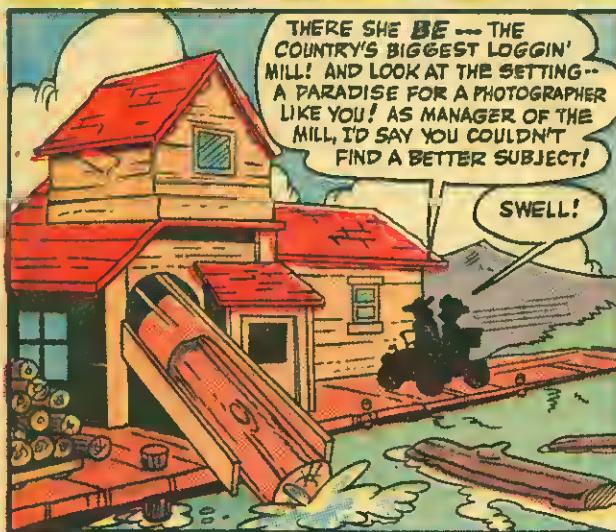
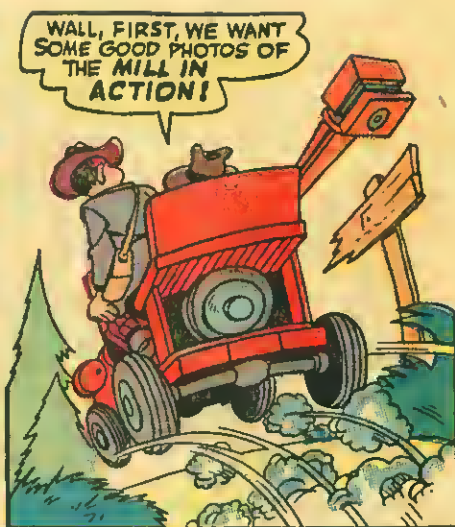
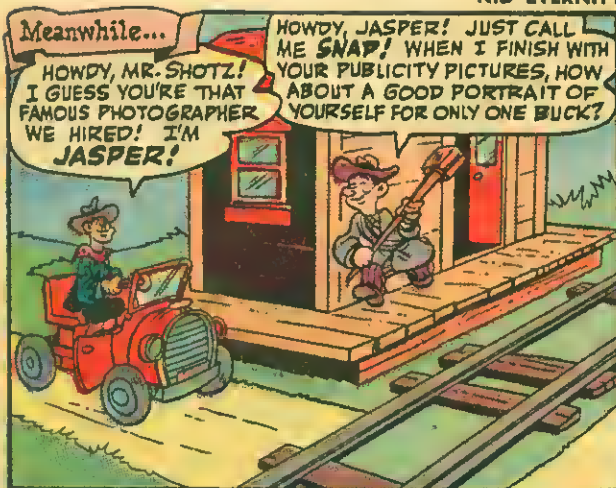


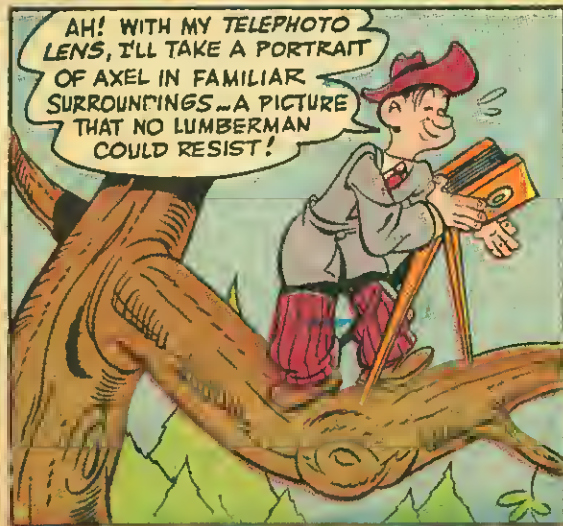
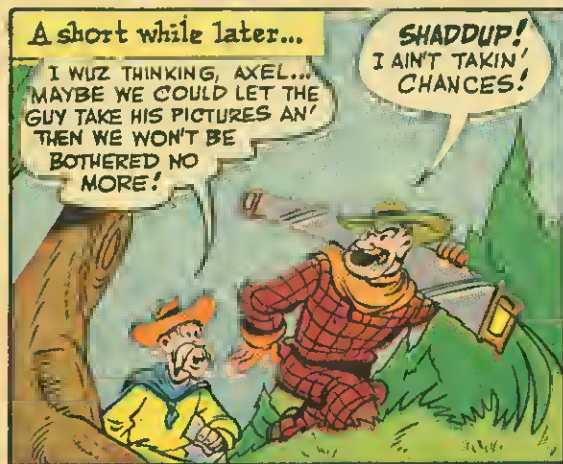
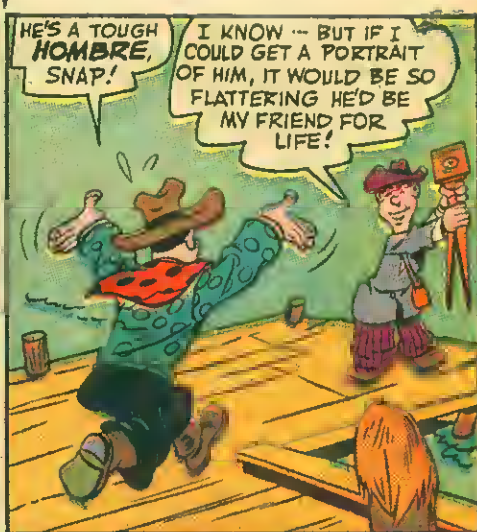
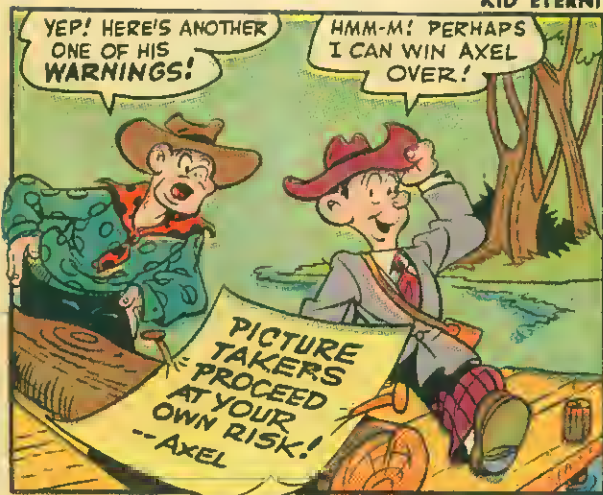
SORRY TO LEAVE YOU, MILLIE, BUT I'VE GOT A MORE INTERESTING JOB TO DO! TA-TA!



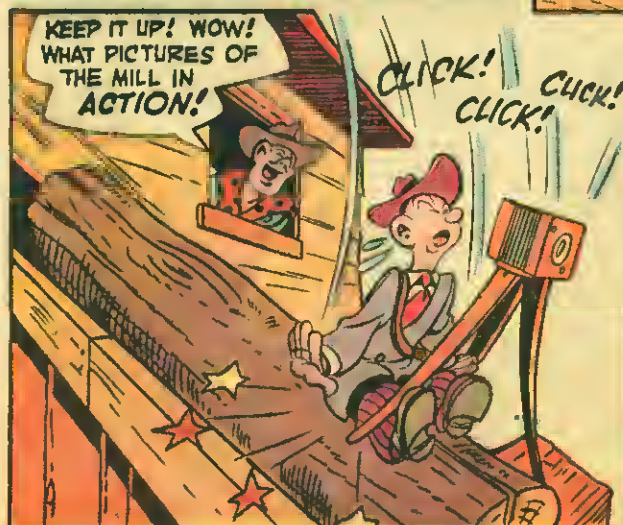
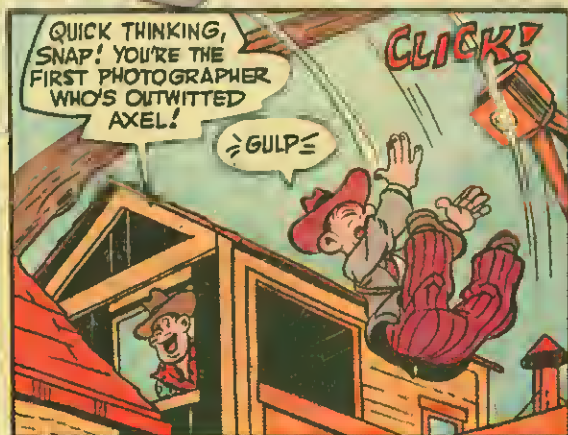
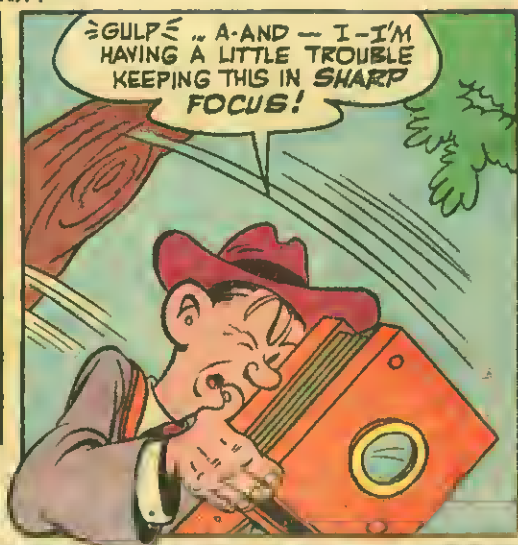


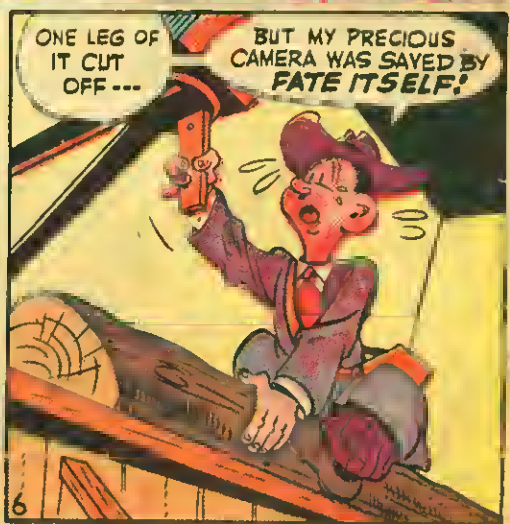
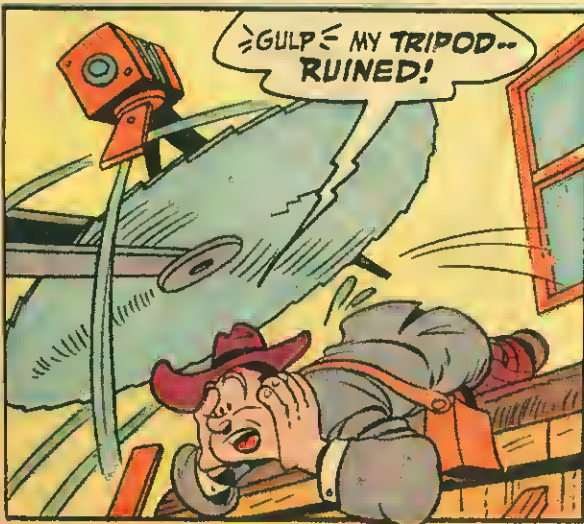
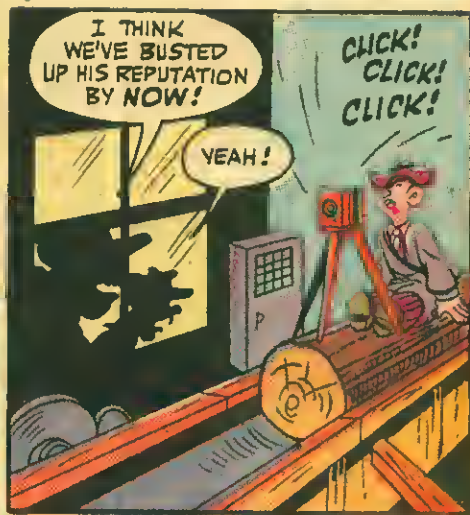
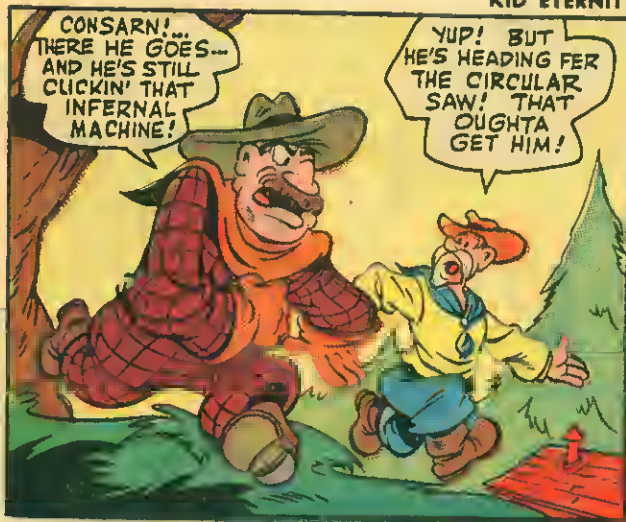




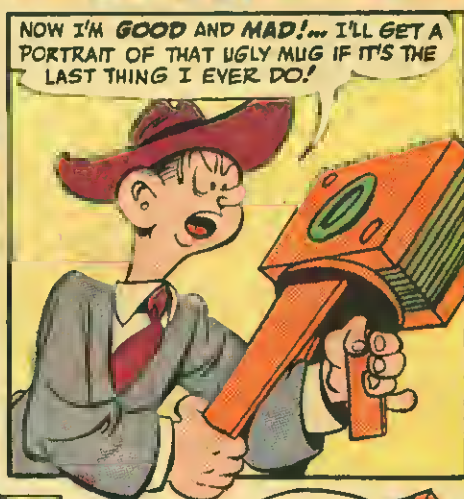
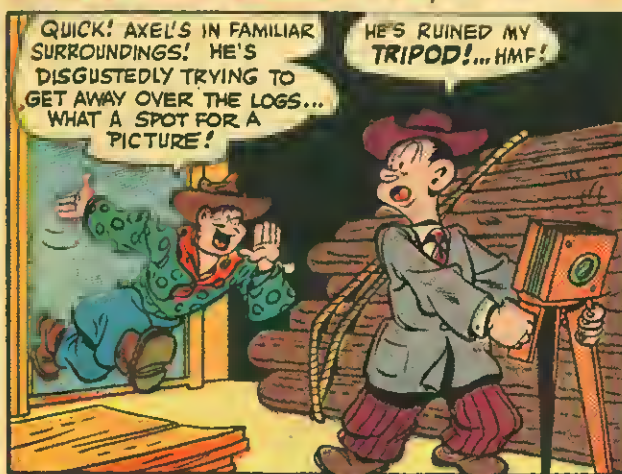
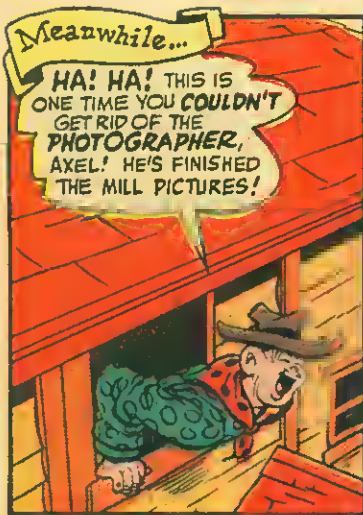


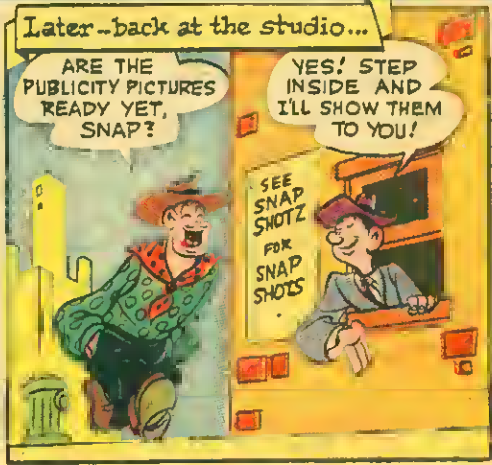
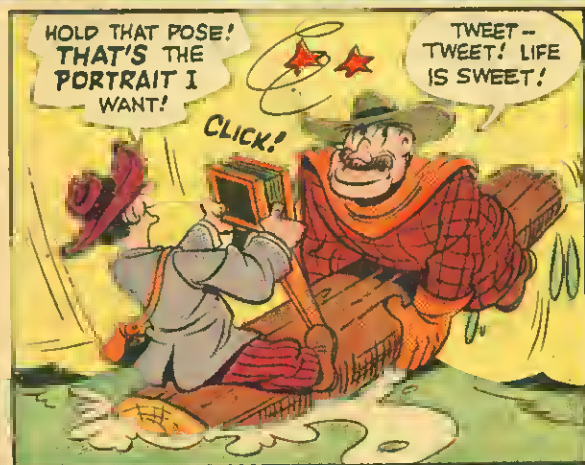
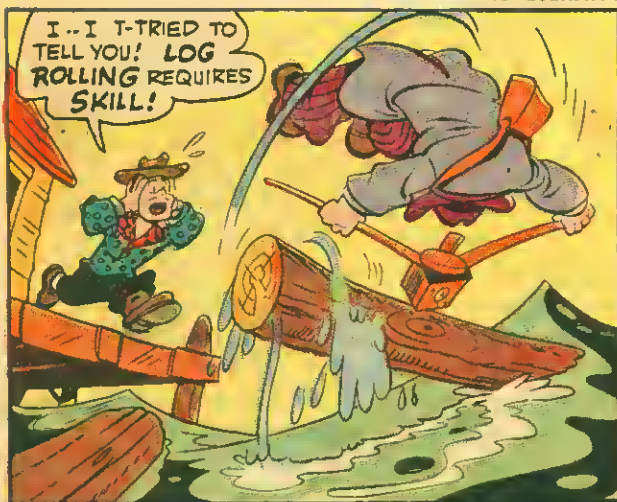














# ANTIDOTE

I CAN see it now in all its weird strangeness. The tall chimneys that thrust up through the heavy green of cypress trees; the unpainted clapboards that rose from the flat stone foundation; the moist greed verdure that surrounded the great house for several hundred yards, reaching down to the dismal swamp, and back to the edge of the dense jungle.

Brett Dantley couldn't have picked a more 'hunted' looking house. But it was just the type of habitat he would pick, I thought as I stood there on that first afternoon surveying the huge pile. Brett had welcomed me and had gone around the back to see the old negro about housing my car.

It was hot.

When Brett returned, and the colored man had driven my car slowly to the moss-covered garage at the rear, "Well, Brett, it's been five years. And now you have at last decided to write that book, eh?"

Brett grinned. He was a youngish-old man with a serious twist to his features, which were tanned a deep brown.

"Yes, Don," he replied. "Five years. Gosh, time flies, doesn't it? Remember the Solomons!"

I nodded, smiling, "Seems a hundred years. What are you writing, Brett?"

He hesitated a moment. "Not what you'd think, Don. I've

changed my mind a lot since we wallowed in the mud ducking Jap sniper slugs. My book has to do with the subconscious. It—it's pretty deep, you know."

We talked later that night, not about Brett's book which was well under way; but about the unseen things. Brett certainly had changed. He had rows of books dealing with the occult, the invisible, voodoo, and that sort of thing.

And then Brett excused himself, saying that he had some notes to make before retiring; that I was to feel free to do as I wished; retire if I cared to.

I was tired, so I sat down facing the great window that overlooked the swamp and farther on the jungle. I closed my eyes. There was a vast silence.

Time seemed to hang. Sunset died. Twilight came . . . then darkness, and soon the great silver moon slid up over the cypresses.

The ticking began softly, softly, and from far away. Like termites working in a soft timber far below the house. It grew louder. Louder. The window was open. I looked far across the mist-shrouded swamp.

I was not conscious of any movement at first. But soon I saw a slight stir out in the middle of the morass. A low line lifting, falling, undulating like a serpent stretched across my gaze. The line

evolved into dots. And now they grew larger, taking form.

I could not tell what form at this distance. The ticking was louder, like the mandibles of some ugly bat-bird clacking together.

They approached in a long wavering line, swaying, plodding, disappearing, then reappearing, rising above the mucky ooze, sinking in again. But advancing.

Advancing!

And now I could see them, make out their grotesque bodies. Horrible saucer eyes set out from heads that resembled some prehistoric horse's, great jaws that opened and closed with the eerie clacking.

They had long tentacle-like arms which they used to push the flotsam away from them; while their legs—they had more than two—stomped and pranced through the thick scum.

And they were rapidly nearing, coming toward me. I looked around for some weapon but could see none. I called out to Brett, but no sound came from my lips. With a great effort I wrenched my eyes from the terrible monsters and tried to rise, but I could not move.

Was I doomed?

The huge globular bodies of the beasts were now wholly visible, and such fantasies in flesh and blood no madman ever conceived. They were fully as big as barrels, with eyes a foot across. Long feel-

ers or antenna shook and vibrated above their evil heads. It seemed to me that they conversed thus, soundlessly.

They came on, a clicking, sloshing line of hundreds, making directly for my window.

"Brett!" I shrieked, making not a whisper.

I was paralyzed all over. Stricken like a rabbit in a trap, waiting for this monstrous pack of horror to devour me.

I recalled having read Poe's wild tales and tried to find a counterpart in what I was facing. It was impossible. Those things were from the very depths of the nether regions. Poe-esque to be sure, but creatures of Hades, the Pit, from across the River Styx!

Swamp fire glowed bluish where the things' feet sucked down and then pulled from the mud. Then a huge dark shadow slapped against the screen that covered the upper half of the window. A faint screech broke the night stillness. The new horror clung with long claws to the wire, making a weird chattering.

Vampire! Sucker of human blood! Satanic half-beast of the darkest crypts of foulness.

The great dark thing's eyes were evil pinpoints of flame-red as they searched through the window, seemingly leering at me. Was I to be a victim of this, only at last to be devoured by those beasts out there?

The vampire, with a thin screech, shot away from his perch, and I was left to face the creeping death in the marsh. They were close now, and I could see their

leader, several paces in advance, looking back and motioning with his arms and feelers. Calling them on, of course!

Then I noticed—the moon was very bright by now—that many in the front lines fell and were quickly eaten by those who pressed on from behind. A solid wave of the things streamed through the marsh, endless, like a rolling tide. And the awful clicking was a din in my ears.

Where was Brett? Why did he not come? Was this some terrible experiment that he had arranged? Was he in league with the terrible under-swamp forces in this mad juggle?

A freezing fear crept down my spine. Brett *had* seemed strange. There had been a light in his eye as he told me of his change of plans. Was the chap actually mad?

A shattering crash brought my eyes spinning to the window. A tree at the edge of the marsh, where Brett's lawn had taken hold, was quivering and leaning, cracking as a hundred of the things leaned against it. Slowly the tree leaned farther, and then it toppled with a terrific report, falling towards my window.

Its upper branches brushed against the screen. Then I saw the reason for this felling: the things had been balked because of a rather wide stream that separated the marsh from the lawn. The tree was on their side; they had simply made a bridge—a bridge that now stretched directly to me!

They were crawling upon their end of the tree now, their loud

clicking telling me that this was a good stunt; that soon they would have me.

The leader was up, teetering on the slippery trunk, balancing himself, arms ten feet in the air—and making toward my window.

Suddenly the old house shook with the impact of a great body that thudded against it. I tried to draw away from the window, but still I couldn't move.

And then a great, hairy hand was reaching over the ledge, a dozen slim claws wiggling as it sought a grip on the wood. The wood crumbled under the enormous scratching. Then slowly two vast eyes lifted into sight. They were disks that swirled and revolved and changed from red to green and then blue fires.

The thing was crawling through the window. A cold wind swept over me. An icy window. And the clicking was so loud it jarred my brain.

"Don!"

Brett's voice in my ears. I leaped up. The sun was shining. There were no clicking sounds. Brett was grinning.

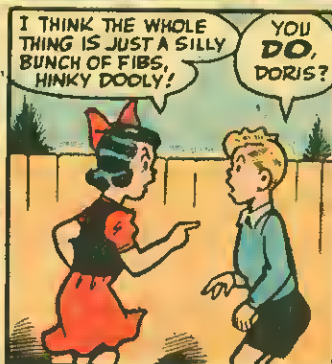
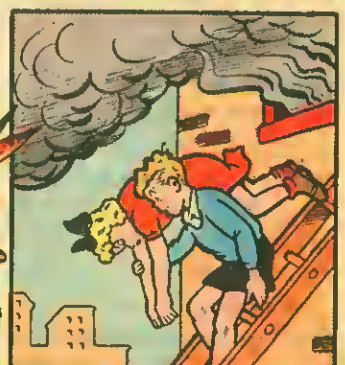
"Gosh, Don," he said, "you fell asleep in that chair. I did the same thing in my study. A fine host I am!"

"B-but—the—" I stammered, looking at the window. Then my foot kicked a small bottle. Brett picked it up, nodding.

"Good stuff, that," he said. "I don't think I'll be bothered with those blasted ants any more. Big as horses around here, Don. You never saw such big ants."

"N-no, I haven't, Brett," I said.





KID ETERNITY

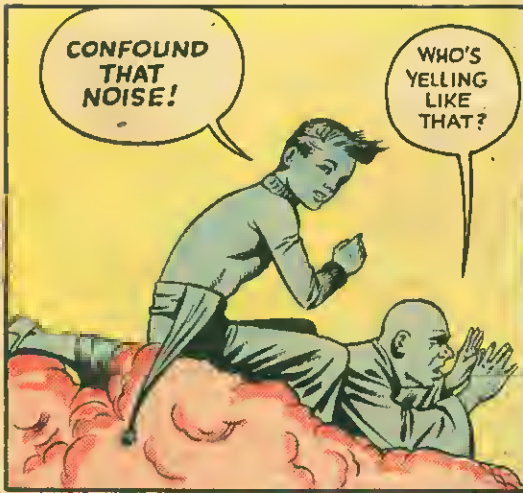
# KID ETERNITY



There was a time when Kid Eternity and his guardian, Mr. Keeper, found themselves in the past, actually sharing in the great events that made the famous men we know today!

Why did they go back in time? The answer was involved in the strange tale of "THE MAN WHO CONTROLLED THE PAST!"





CONFOUND THAT NOISE!

WHO'S YELLING LIKE THAT?



WHY, IT'S FATHER TIME!

HE'S GOING TO SMASH THE TIME MACHINE!



YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT YOU WOULD DESTROY TIME FOREVER? THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY PAST, PRESENT, OR FUTURE!

HE MUST BE CRAZY!



THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE MACHINE THAT I CAN SEE! IT MUST BE SOMEBODY ON EARTH WHO'S DOING IT!

SOMEBODY FOOLING AROUND WITH TIME?

I CAN'T HELP IT! THAT BUZZING NOISE IS DRIVING ME CRAZY!

WHAT IS IT?



THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS, KID!

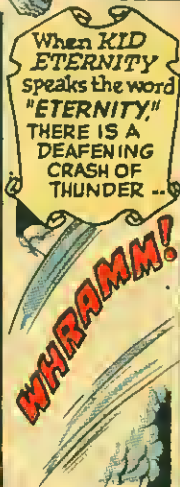
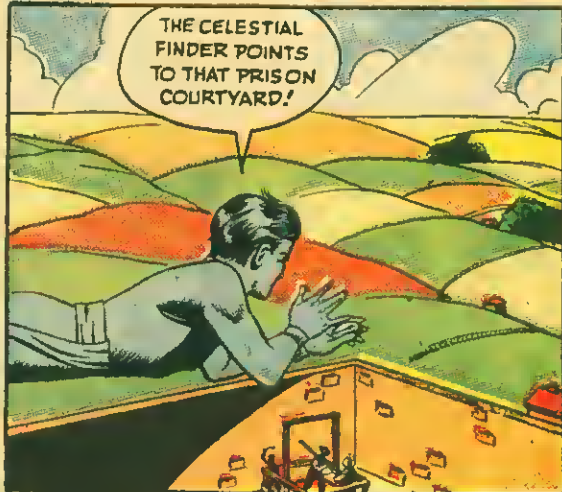
YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. KEEPER! I'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT!



USE THIS LITTLE GADGET! IT'S A CELESTIAL TROUBLE FINDER! WHEN MORTALS MEDDLE IN THE AFFAIRS OF ETERNITY, THIS WILL POINT OUT THE FOCUS OF THE DISTURBANCE!

BUT HOW CAN I FIND THE MAN WHO'S CAUSING THE TROUBLE?









DR.  
MARKO?

DON'T  
BOTHER  
ME!

I LEFT STRICT ORDERS NOT TO  
BE DISTURBED! THE WARDEN  
PROMISED THAT I COULD  
DO WHAT I WANTED --  
SINCE I'M TO BE  
HUNG TOMORROW!

BUT YOU  
REALLY DON'T  
EXPECT TO BE  
HUNG! YOU  
INTEND TO  
ESCAPE IN  
THAT TIME-  
GLOBE!



YOU LITTLE  
BRAT! HOW DID  
YOU FIND  
OUT?

YOU WON'T TELL  
ANYONE! I'LL  
KILL YOU!

ETERNITY!

WHRAMM!



WHY DON'T YOU  
PICK ON SOMEONE  
YOUR OWN  
SIZE?

THANKS,  
ACHILLES!

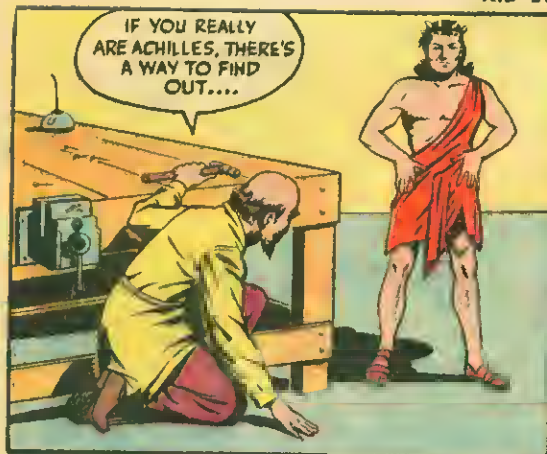
ACHILLES! THE GREEK  
HERO OF THE SIEGE  
OF TROY! BUT --  
BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!



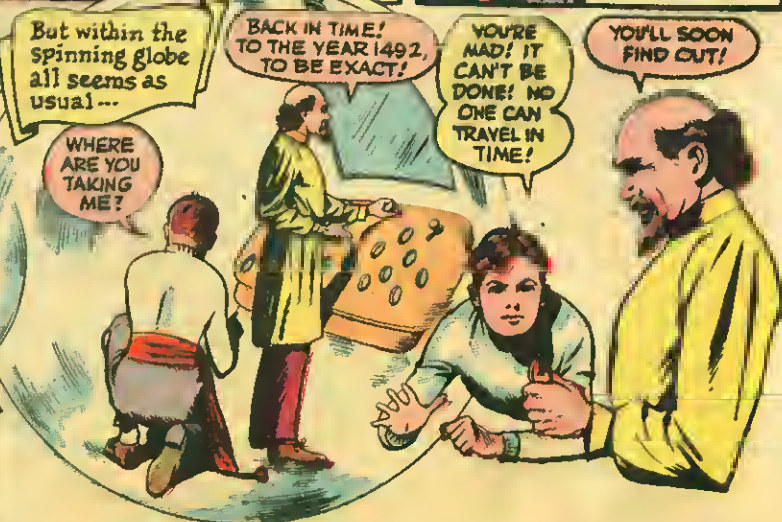
DO YOU  
STILL THINK  
SO?

OOOF!





Moments later the shimmering sphere of the time-globe fades and vanishes from sight...

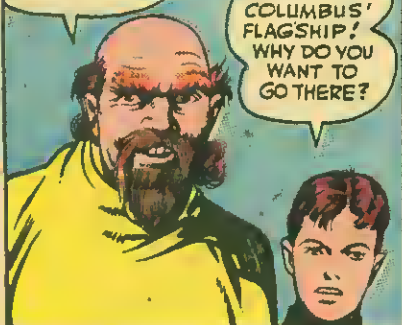


YOU'RE MAD! IT CAN'T BE DONE! NO ONE CAN TRAVEL IN TIME!

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!



I'M SETTING LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE CONTROLS! IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, WE'LL LAND ON THE VERY DECKS OF THE SANTA MARIA!



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS' FLAGSHIP! WHY DO YOU WANT TO GO THERE?

HA-HA! I WAS A FOOL TO TRY TO DESTROY AMERICA NOW! NO MAN OR NATION IS GREAT ENOUGH FOR THE TASK, NOW THAT YOUR COUNTRY IS SO POWERFUL!...



BUT THERE WAS A TIME WHEN AMERICA WAS WEAK! I SHALL SEE TO IT THAT SHE DOES NOT GROW GREAT BY CONTROLLING HER PAST! AND I'LL BEGIN BY MAKING COLUMBUS' EXPEDITION A FAILURE!



NOW I KNOW YOU'RE MAD! NO ONE CAN CHANGE WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

QUIET! WE'RE ALMOST THERE NOW!



FOLLOW ME! SEE THEN WHETHER YOU CAN STILL BELIEVE DR. MARKO TO BE A MADMAN!



GOOD GLORY! IT-IT'S INCREDIBLE!



THE SANTA MARIA! JUST AS THE HISTORY BOOKS SHOW HER TO BE! WE'RE SAILING WITH CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!

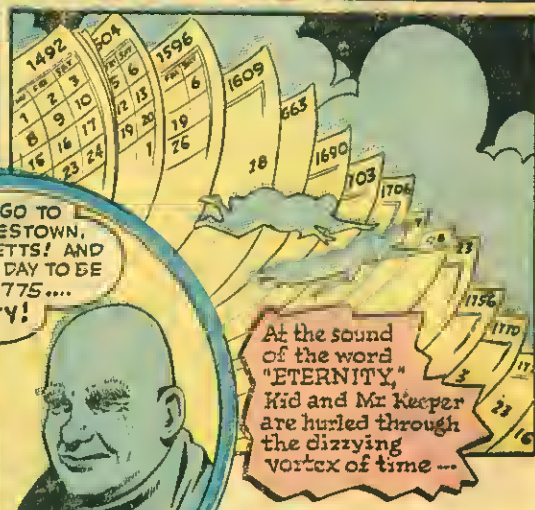








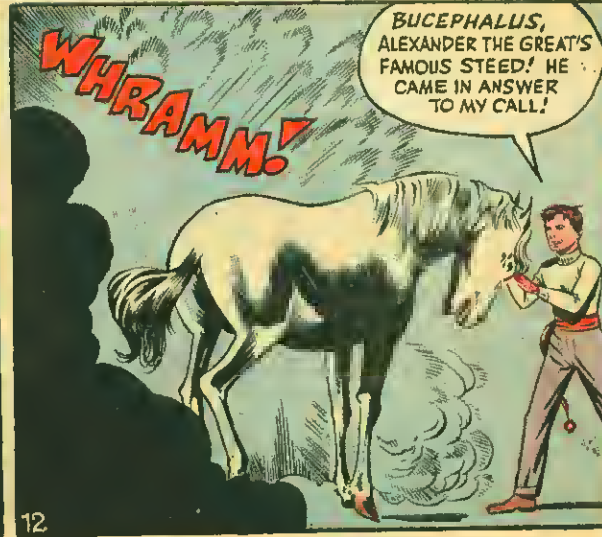
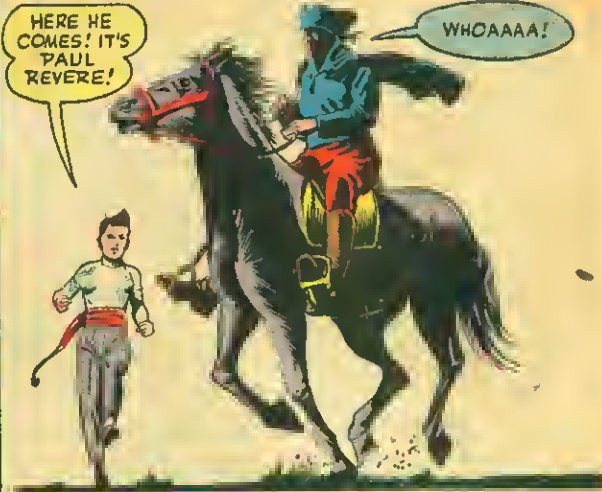


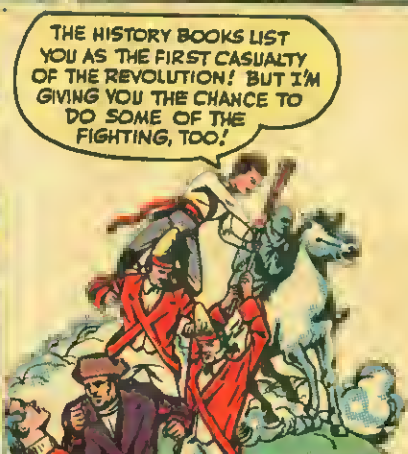




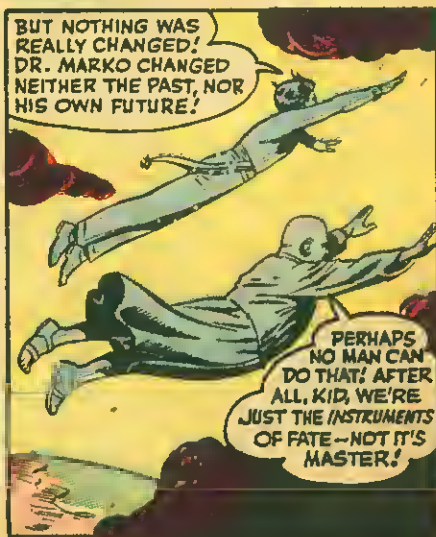
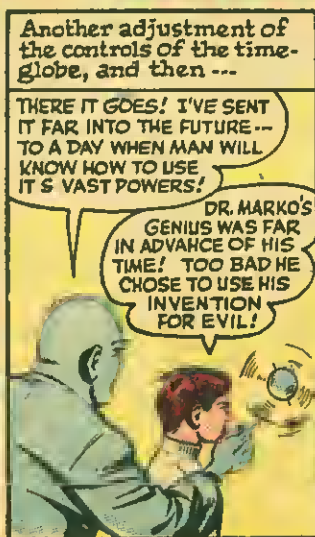
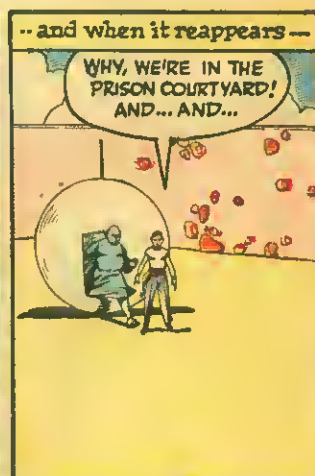


KID ETERNITY















ER  
CLE

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